Now do you know the reason of this haste.
Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slowed.
Looke sir, here comes the Lady toward my Cell.

Enter Iuliet.

Pa. Happily met my Lady and my wife.
Iu. That may be sir, when I may be a wife.
Pa. That may be, must be loue, on Thursday next.
Iu. What must be shall be.
Fri. Thats a certaine text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?
Iu. To answere that, I should confesse to you.
Pa. Do not denie to him, that you loue me.
Iu. I will confesse to you that I loue him.
Par. So will ye, I am sure that you loue me.
Iu. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your backe, then to your face.
Par. Poor soule thy face is much abusde with tears.
Iu. The teares haue got small victorie by that,
For it was bad inough before their spight.
Pa. Thou wrongst it more then tears with that report.
Iu. That is no slaunder sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
Pa. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandred it.
Iu. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leisure, holy Father now,
Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?
Fri. My leisure serues me pensiue daughter now,
My Lord we must entreate the time alone.
Par. Godshield, I should disturbe deuotion,
Iuliet, on Thursday early will I rouse yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse.

Exit.

Iu. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,
Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past help.
Fri. O *Iuliet* I already know thy greefe,
It straines me past the compasse of my wits,
I heare thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,

On

On Thursday next be married to this Countie.
Iu. Tell me not Frier, that thou hearest of this,
Vnlesse thou tell me, how I may preuent it:
If in thy wisedome thou canst giue no helpe,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife ile helpe it presently.
God ioynd my heart, and *Romeos* thou our hands
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeos* seald:
Shall be the Labell to an other deed,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
Turne to an other, this shall slay them both:
Therefore out of thy long experienst time,
Giue me some present counsell, or behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloudie knife
Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,
Which the commission of thy yeares and art,
Could to no issue of true honour bring:
Be not so long to speake, I long to die,
If what thou speakst, speake not of remedie.
Fri. Hold daughter, I do spie a kind of hope,
Which craues as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would preuent.
If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou hast the strength of will to stay thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That coapst with death, himselfe to scape from it:
And if thou darest, Ile giue thee remedie.
Iu. Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris*,
From of the battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuish wayes, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares,
Or hide me nightly in a Charnel house,
Orecouerd quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reekie shanks and yealow chapels sculls:
Or bid me go into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in his,

Things